The true Copy of a Paper ſtuck upon the D. of *M---*'s Gate at St. *James's*, on *Saturday* laſt, being the day of Her Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Crown.

A *German* Prince of Noble Race,
A very ancient Peer,
No upſtart Traytor in diſgrace
Doth now inhabit here.
A Patriot faithful to his Truſt,
Both generous and good;
Not rais'd by Treachery or Luſt,
Nor ſhedding any Blood.
Whoſe humble Spouſe we will admire,
The Nation's deareſt Minion,
Who to Wealth did not aſpire,
Nor abſolute Dominion.
For all Employments ſhe refus'd
Of Honour and of Gain;
It's pity they ſhould be accus'd,
But ſoon reſtor'd again.
The *Sand-ridge Baron* now doth ſtand
Like *Church ill* rais'd on *Ridge* of *Sand*.
A *Church ill* rais'd by Sin's aſſiſtance,
Suits with the *Doctrine* of *Reſiſtance*:
Yield but the leaſt *Reſiſtance* lawful,
Dread Majeſty's no longer awful,
And Government it ſelf do's ſtand
Like *Church ill*, rais'd on *Ridge* of *Sand*:
For by the Rule (as wiſe Men tell)
Knaves get an *Inch*, they'l take an *Ell*;
And ſo proceed, by Sin's aſſiſtance,
On to *unlimited Reſiſtance*.
But God who guards our Gracious *ANNE*,
Will ſmite the *Great Leviathan*.
Thus on their Heads Heav'n's Vengeance hurld,
Shall quaſh the *Plunderers of the World*.
Good God of Peace hence ſcatter far
Thoſe *Plunderers* that delight in *War*.

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